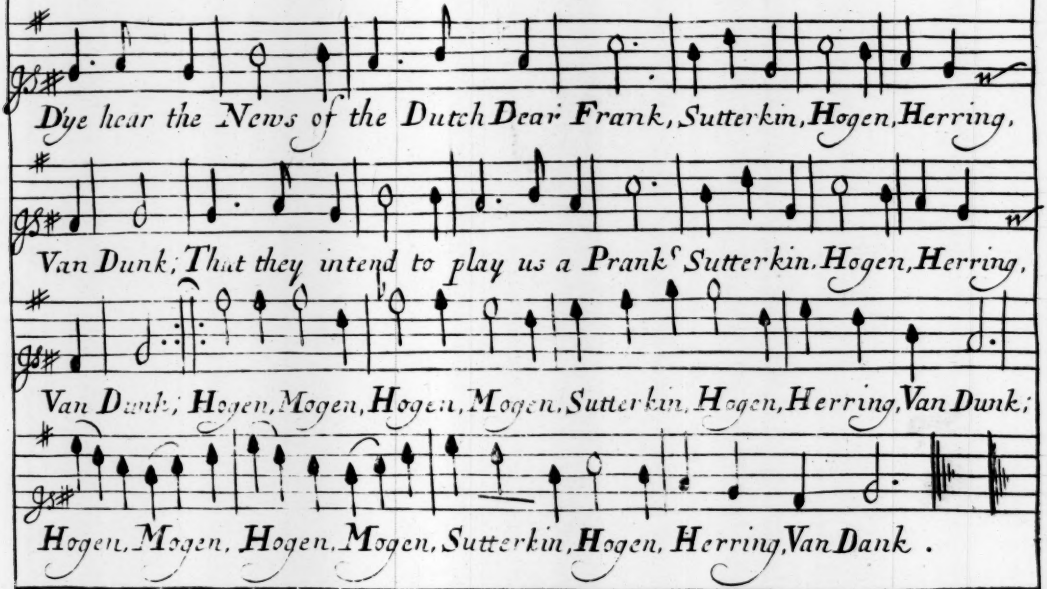
1st. 17. Nov. 1688. Agt ye Dutch.

A New Song upon the Hogen Mogen's.



But if they boldly Dare come ashore
Sutterkin, &c.
Some may repent themselves full sore
Sutterkin &c.
Hogen, Mogen, &c.

For the brave English, Irish, and Scotch,
Sutterkin, &c.
Will in their Guts, make such a hotch-potch
Sutterkin, &c.
Hogen, Mogen, &c.

Better they'd stuck to the Herring Trade
Sutterkin, &c.
For in Pickle, Themselves shall be laid
Sutterkin, &c.
Hogen, Mogen, &c.

What, tho they have laid their Heads together
Sutterkin, &c.
No Orange can thrive if't prove bad weather
Sutterkin, &c.
Hogen, Mogen, &c.

Wo be to them, if Dartmouth & ly Great,
Sutterkin, &c.
Should fall upon them with his whole Fleet
Sutterkin, &c.
Hogen, Mogen, &c.

Pass not Port-Bay, for fear it should freez,
Sutterkin, &c.
For then, I fack, your Orange will squeez.
Sutterkin, &c.
Hogen, Mogen, &c.